ROOSEVELT AND KING CHAT LIKE CRONIES

Spend Afternoon Before Open Grate Fire In the Royal Palace.

COLONEL GETS ANOTHER DEGREE

Leaves for Stockholm After a Visit With Vigland, the Noted Sculptor.

CHRISTIANIA, May 6.—Another university degree was added today to the long list that already decorates Colonel Roosevelt's name, when King Frederick University gave him the honorary degree of doctor of arts. The colonel visited the university at noon, and the degree was conferred before a distinguished group of Norwegian educators.

Aside from this Roosevelt spent his last day in Christiania in what he called a reunion with his family, with whom, he said, he wished to get "better acquainted." At the colonel's request several features planned for today were abandoned.

The colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt took a long walk, during which they visited the Norwegian sculptor Vigland, who is under commission to make a statue typical of the Norwegian residents of North Dakota.

Knowing that Roosevelt was familiar with this type, the sculptor called on him for suggestions. Roosevelt urged Vigland to make the statue typical of the western America.

Chat Like Chums.

Roosevelt's throat is still bothering him, and he received a second treatment from a Christiania specialist. Most of the afternoon was spent before an open grate fire at the palace, Roosevelt and King Haakon chatting like college classmates.

There is no denying the fact that Roosevelt has taken a great liking to Haakon, whom he considers to be intelligent, progressive and democratic. In side remarks the colonel has indicated that the Norwegian ruler is more nearly his own kind than any ruler he has met in Europe.

At 6 o'clock the Roosevelts left in a special train, furnished by the King, for Stockholm. They will stay aboard this train until the frontier is reached, when another special train, tendered by King Gustaf of Sweden, will take the party to Stockholm.

Rain fell most of the afternoon, but the skies cleared as the time approached for the departure and another great crowd was gathered on the streets and at the station for a farewell demonstration.

Queen Maud Is Worried.

Colonel Roosevelt today showed keen interest in the condition of King Edward. Immediately on arising the former President asked for the latest news from London, and every development was carried to him as fast as word was received.

Queen Maud admitted to Mrs. Roosevelt that she was alarmed over her father's condition. It is not yet known whether the illness of King Edward will have an effect on the visit of Mr. Roosevelt to London, but it is feared that if the King's condition grows more serious Mr. Roosevelt will be compelled to abandon his trip to England, returning to America from Germany direct, or else merely stop in London for a few hours.

It would be out of the question for Mr. Roosevelt to be entertained officially in London while Edward lies ill. Neither the municipal authorities nor the royal family could participate.

BUILDING PERMITS

The following building permits were issued today:

To D. H. L. Brooks and Mary W. Dillenback for one two-story frame dwelling, at 3714 Morrison street northwest; architects and builders, Brashears Brothers; estimated cost, $8,000.

To Calvin E. Remsberg for one two-story frame dwelling at 1026 Lawrence street northeast; architect and builder, James L. Whiteside; estimated cost, $2,750.

WILL ORGANIZE CLUB.

There will be a meeting tonight at 8 o'clock in the office of Representative C. E. Creager to organize the "Oklahoma Republican State Club of the District of Columbia." Notices of the meeting have been sent to all Oklahoma Republicans now living in Washington.

ODD FELLOWS' MEMORIAL.

Memorial services for members who have died within the last year will be held by the Odd Fellows in Odd Fellows Hall, Sunday evening, June 12. The committee of arrangements consists of W. W. Mflan, E. T. Dunn, and F. A. Norway.

THE PLANET JUGGLER

By J. G. FREDERICK

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

A wireless operator in the tower of a New York "skyscraper" is startled by the incredulously fast sparking of his apparatus. To his astonishment, words come from the receiver of a telephone used for taking messages in the Morse code. The voice repeats two words: "Hallo," Earth!" They are in Esperanto, the universal language of the time. Placing the receiver to his ear, the operator is astounded to receive a message telling him to call all the rulers of the earth together and instruct them to do as they are bid, on the penalty of having the earth dumped into the sun if they disobeyed. The operator is told to erect apparatus of greater power, so that communication can be secured with the voice. The man calls into consultation Elverson, an electrical expert, who, after verifying the remarkable phenomenon, completes arrangements to erect a wireless tower in pursuance with the directions of the voice.

CHAPTER II (Continued).

AFTER the scientific men had been conferring for a long time a new message came from the unknown voice. It was quite lengthy, and it gave minute electrical directions, which the experts read with intense interest. It was completely technical:

"You need exactly 248,000 per second waves. Take your regular city power current, alternating, and polyphase it and quadruple-induct it, and then establish a perfect induction balance with it in a vacuum."

There followed complete instructions about getting the proper angle off the plane of the earth, at which to loose the spark; and directions for connecting and protecting the mouthpieces and receivers for conversation.

The five scientific men read these words over and over again, and began to draw diagrams. After an hour of absorbing work, Kale, the telephone expert, said, with a rather flushed face:

"Gentlemen, the last doubt has been removed from my mind about the actuality of this as a message from another world than ours. The information just received gives us directions which any mechanic could follow, and makes possible wireless telephony to any part of the earth, to say nothing of the planets and stars."

"Then let's get to work at once," said Elverson, enthusiastically.

The telephone expert selected ten men from his laboratory, and they were put to work at once carrying out the instructions received. Inside of a week the work was finished, and the little group of five, together with carefully selected newspaper men, were allowed in the power room.

The world by this time was wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and expectation at prospect of communication with another sphere. It was popularly supposed that Mars was the voice being heard—that is, by those who were not still skeptical of the entire matter despite the ceaseless and mysterious interferences with electric currents in both hemispheres, and the credulity of scientists who examined the messages which were still regularly repeating themselves, and were now audible in four or five of the wireless offices.

Elverson First to Speak.

It was Elverson who spoke the first words into the complicated sound condenser which served as the sending apparatus, and which set in motion the intricate series of induced currents, the final one of which ascended into space, into the infinite void which for so many thousand centuries had not given a sign of life to terrestrial creatures.

"Hallo!" he said.

Hardly had he ceased speaking, when a voice, perfectly audible in the remotest corner of the room, said:

"Hallo! Good for you, Earth! I didn't think you'd get it finished so promptly and so accurately. I congratulate you on your ability to follow technical instructions. But please heighten your resistance just a trifle; the atmospheric conditions are not so good tonight. Your voice sounds muffled."

"Ah!" exclaimed Hartwell, the prominent astronomer, who was present. "He says 'night.' That means very probably that he is speaking from a star in the southern hemisphere."

"I will save you the trouble of speculating," said the voice very promptly, showing that the speaker heard the most ordinary conversation in the room: "I am on Canopus."

The astronomer gasped.

"Why," he said in bewilderment and incredulity, "Canopus is so far away that we haven't been able to measure its parallax yet!"

"It is three hundred and forty-five ten thousandths of a second of an arc," was the immediate response, "according to your methods of computation."

"How do you know our methods of computation and our universal language?" asked one of the scientists, who had been persistently skeptical.

"I have been able to hear conversations and discussions on the earth for the last sovond tulna—I beg pardon—I mean, in your universal language, for ten years. But up to a short time ago I could not make my voice heard upon your earth, even though I could send it to within your reach. I was not until you perfected your wireless system that I could get my voice to your ears.

"Therefore, I have had ten years' opportunity to relate the things I saw to words I have heard used, and connect them to your habits, speech and ideas. I can see earth objects from here better than human eyes. By the way, if the dignified gentleman with the bald head and a small wart on his neck who has the seat near the Leyden jar table, will hurry to his factory he may help to save some of his property. It is on fire!"

The scientist and manufacturer whom the description fitted started, looked half foolish and half frightened, and undecided. We went to the telephone, and in a few minutes rushed out, crying: "It's true, gentlemen! It's true!"

The company was deeply impressed.

"Will you not give us more scientific knowledge which will advance civilization here on earth?" asked Elverson, respectfully.

A hard, dry laugh came from the receiving horn.

"Now that I've had a little chat with you, I am ready to 'talk business,' as seems to be a common phrase with you.

"This star, as your astronomers already know, is deficient in metallic composition. Your method of spectrum analysis places it in what you call type one, with strong hydrogen lines. You can readily see, therefore, that such a metal as gold has an immense value in society on this star.

"Now, as your planet is the only one in your solar system which is inhabited, besides Mars (whose inhabitants, I find, have never taken the trouble to mine gold), and as there are only two other inhabited stars in as much of the universe as I can see—I want your gold which you have mined.

"I need huge sums of it to persuade workmen to make the paraphernalia I use, and keep it in order, and the accomplishment of my one ambition will demand more monetary value than I can get on this star."

"What is your ambition" asked Elverson, in a voice hollow with an unnamable fear.

"My ambition," came the firm reply, "is to consolidate the numberless solar systems about me into one huge sphere. Cool it automatically to the proper temperature for the maintenance of the most highly developed life which I can find on any sphere within reach of my hyrbolic refractor.

"In other words, I want to hasten cosmic evolution by scientific means and accomplish the survival of the fittest without nature's slow waste. I will destroy the civilizations which are below a certain stage of development."

"How does the earth stand in relation to other inhabited planets?" asked Elverson, eagerly.

"Fourth," was the reply. "Therefore, she is useless in my plan. You rank even below the civilization on Mars in your solar system; but I have no use for Mars either, just as I have no use for the civilization on Achernar, as you call the star near me. Only Sirius and this star, Canopus, will share in the consolidated civilization. We have been in communication with Sirius for many centuries, and our language and ideas and interests are already unified.

"But we had better get to the business I have with you. I need, and must and will have, either the gold which you have mined, or else the metallic elements in which your entire solar system is so rich. To be frank, I would much prefer to follow my original plan, and release the rotary magnetic power which keeps yours and all of the solar planets from dropping into the sun, and then take the entire resulting nebulae in one lump into my new sphere.

"But my more immediate need is gold, which is our standard of values here; and the little which your planet has will give me the desired purchasing power without depreciating our monetary standard. Therefore, I am willing to let your solar system alone if you will give me the gold."

"But," began Elverson, and then stopped for a moment, for sheer confusion of thought at the stupendous ideas which had been spoken to him in the most matter-of-fact conversational tone. "How could we possibly get the gold to you? You are hundreds of thousands of miles further off than our sun, and our sun is almost 92,000,000 of miles away from us!"

A laugh echoed from the receiving cone—a pitying, impatient, feelingless laugh.

"That will be easy. I can instruct your engineers how to make an airship which will carry 5,000 tons up beyond the region of the atmospheric disturbance of the earth's motion—which is about four and three-quarters of your miles high—and there I will meet you with one of our regular airships, which are able to travel within that distance of any sphere of your temperature.

"You will simply unload into that ship. I have succeeded in solving speed and power questions recently, which will easily enable me to make the enormous distance with the speed of an electric current of high intensity, such as you do not yet know. We could arrive in about a year of your time."

Threatens to Destroy Earth.

"Do you mean to offer us the alternative of giving up as much of our gold as we can gather, or else having the earth and our whole system of planets thrown into the sun, which would naturally resolve the sun into vapor again—that you would seize for use in your new sphere?" asked Elverson.

"Once more I must compliment you," replied the voice, in a suave but cold tone, "for getting my statements perfectly right. Now, please do whatever you find necessary to fulfil this condition quickly. It will take two years before I have the gold in my hands, anyhow; and as my span of life is only about 400 years more, measured in your time, you can see how impatient I am to get started on the manufacture and operation of the great dellectors and concentrators of energy which will be necessary to swing stars from their orbits and to hasten their activity of temperature so that my consolidated sphere will be realized.

"I am sorry to appear tyrannical to you, but you don't eat gold, and you can readily subsist without it. But if you do not fulfill the condition, remember that I will not hesitate one second to destroy your entire civilization and solar system.

"I will say good-by now for ten days of your time. I will expect you to be ready with a statement of the amount of gold available, approximately, and with engineers who will be capable of taking instructions to build the air ship."

CHAPTER III.

The Celestial Threat.

WHEN the voice ceased the men looked at each other with many kinds of feeling expressed in their faces.

"Bah!" cried Bardi, the wireless expert, "while I cannot help but believe that the message is really from some other sphere, I cannot credit such a stupendous thing as dumping the earth into the sun by any mere human agency.

"Think of the time which would be consumed merely in the falling of the earth into the sun!" remarked the astronomer. "We deal with hours and days. Cosmic bodies move by the million years."

"I don't know," remarked Kale, dubiously. "I confess that I have confidence in what that man—that being—for only heaven knows his physical shape—has said. He talks like a man with a mechanical mind, which has an almost incomprehensible grasp of principles which we have just barely named yet in mechanics. The best thing we can do is to publish throughout the world what we have heard, and invite scientific and popular discussion of it, and in ten days have an international committee of scientists and statesmen ready to talk to this piratical monster."

Kale's plan was adopted, and that day the full report of the messages and the report of the scientists went out to the waiting public.

As it was certain to do, it provoked a vast amount of ridicule. The solemn attestations of the five most prominent American scientists made the matter serious, however, and on the tenth day a very distinguished company of scientists and governmental representatives met and were ready to hear the voice of Canopus; also to give approximate estimates of the gold in their countries.

Astronomers Jocular.

The representatives met in secret session, and the instruments were fixed so that all of them could listen simultaneously—in phonograph fashion. Practically every one of them had misgivings as to the genuineness of a voice from Canopus; several astronomers were even jocular over the matter.

When Elverson had established connection, he said:

"We have assembled here scientific and governmental men from practically every country. Nearly all of them are skeptical as to the reality of your making good your thaest. How can you prove it to them?"

"Very quickly," came the reply in a frosty tone. "Ask them to try to find out what's the matter with your telegraph and telephone and electric power systems in about three minutes from now."

In the stated time messengers were dispatched to the headquarters offices of electrical concerns, and at the same time the electric lights in the room suddenly twitched and went out. The messengers returned with excitement—trolley systems were not running, and all electrical communication was utterly out of order.

"Ah, you'll believe me now, will you?" asked a sardonic voice from the receiver a few moments later, when the lights suddenly went on again. "Now, to show you that I'm not an electrical faker from your own little pebble of a planet, suppose that you communicate with the other half of the world, and see whether this high-frequency wave disturbance which I have just let loose on you was confined only to your tiny locality. And while you're at it, just inquire as to what has happened to Washington's monument."

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Keeping White Floors White

Most housekeepers would prefer to keep the kitchen floor unpainted and "in the white," were it not for the labor of keeping such a floor in satisfactory condition. However, the work of scrubbing will be lightened and milk-white floors can be easily attained, by dissolving in each pailful of warm water a tablespoonful of Gold Dust washing powder. If scrubbed this way each week, old stains that seemed to be ground into the wood will soon disappear altogether. This is also excellent for scrubbing stone steps and woodwork.

SPERRY IS HURT, FALLS FROM A CAR

Aged Congressman Receives Painful Bruises, But Is Up and About.

After a narrow escape from perhaps fatal injury, Representative N. D. Sperry, of Connecticut, the oldest man in the House, is about his duties today showing none of the effects of his fall from a street car late yesterday afternoon.

Representative Sperry is eight-three years of age and naturally a bit feeble. As he was boarding a street car near the Capitol upon starting home yesterday the car started before the Connecticut Representative obtained a secure footing.

Mr. Sperry was thrown to the ground, sustaining several bruises. He was able, however, to take another car to his apartments at the Buckingham, where a physician found that his injuries were not serious.

Mr. Sperry, who is quite regular in his habits, was up at the usual hour and is ready today to vote on the railroad bill.

MISS GOULD NOMINATED.

ALBANY, May 6.—Helen M. Gould, of New York, has been nominated among others by Governor Hughes as a member of the board of managers of the new Mohansic State Hospital.